TRAUMERET

R. SCHUMANN.

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"TREUMEREI" (Reverie) and "KLEINE ROMANZE" (Little Romance) are two separate pieces which were written by Schumann some fifteen years apart. After Schumann's death, the two pieces as here given were played by the leading orchestras of the world under the single name of "Træumerei", and thus became generally known under that title. Having been allied and accepted as one piece, both would now seem incomplete if played separately. The idea of orchestrating Schumann's little piano pieces and the adaptation of the "Kleine Romanze" as a Trio to the "Træumerei" proper was most ingenious.

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PART I.

On the Maine coast, nine miles out to sea, is Seal island, so called because on the sun-warmed seaweed, when the tide is down, hundreds of glossy seals roll, flop and bark in jolly companionship, unmolested by the hand of man. Once the solitude of the island was broken only by the cawing of noisy crows, or the shining flight of shricking sea gulls, flying to the pine woods to devour sea urchins and other shell fish. In the early fall a thick growth of blue-berry and huckleberry bushes covered the barren soil.

Ten years ago, however, the tide of fashion set towards these Maine islands; pleasure-seekers bought weather-worn huts, transforming them into dainty cottages, and picturesque dwellings dotted all the rugged shores. Desolation came now only in the winter time, when the

Ten years ago Eric Stockdale, a wealthy retired ship-broker of New York, purchased Seal island. He had a stately home in the city, a country residence on the Hudson, but his heart turned to the scenes of his boyhood, for he was born in a bleak coast town; so he built a costly stone cottage on the island. His daughter, Marguerite, loved the sea. Surely no palace commanded a finer view than the great expanse of rolling blue waves, the spectral sails in the mists of distance, or, nearer, graceful barks and fishing schooners plunging by with creaky cordage and white wings outspread. No money could buy-or still-the mighty breakers that fretted out brief lives and giant strength against the rocks on Seal island.

Stockdale hired John Reed and his wife, Ann, to take care of the cottage and attend to the household duties when he and his daughter were there. Twice a week a boat came from the mainland with supplies and the mail. Marguerite was thoroughly bappy in the new life. She gossipped with Ann in the kitchen, went sailing with her father or fishing with the "Cap'en." Every man who has ever fished for cod along the coast, by age and gazzly hair wins this title, and besides being an expert angler, Cap'en Reed had an inexhaustible fund of sea stories, bristling with storms and "disarsters." He was as brown as a nut, with twinkling, deep-set blue eyes, the only animated part of his face, though once in a great while he moved his ponderous jaws into a discreet grin. He had a fringe of bushy hair under his chin, was short and squatty, walking with a rolling, nautical gait. He wore overalls every day but Sunday, and a tarpaulin well forward on his bald head. His wife was thin and stern-featured, but kind and faithful, if grim and smileless. She was afraid of the sea and helpless in a boat, for "John allus sed wimmen hadn't no place in boats no how." She marveled at Marguerite's prowess with the oar and sail, but manifested no

Late in the eighth summer of his sojourn at the island, Eric Stockdale fell ill, and the doctor, brought from the mainland, knew from the first there was no hope. Marguerite would have given half ber fortune for the old New York physician, though her heart told her it was too late. One afternoon she and Ann sat in the chamber of the dying man, who would only rouse from his stupor when some breaker,

mighter than its fellows, crashed over the rocks. "Tain't right, Miss Margreet," said Ann softly, "for ye to take on thet way over what carn't be helped. Your pa has bean a goin' all summer. I see death in his face when he come no city doctor could a helped him. It was writ he should go. 'Tain't my business, p'raps, an' I'm over forerd, but it do seem as your pa hed suth-in' on his mind worritin' him, that carn't be cured by medicine, an' that's keepin' him from parsin' away peaceful."

"He has no trouble," said Marguerite proudly; "he is loved and honored by everyone. He is a deacon in the church at home, foremost in every charity, the best father"-with a sob-"the kindest father in the world."

"I didn't mean," continued Ann, nervously, 'to make you feel bad, but lemme tell you what I know of heart-sickness, for some says there min't no such thing as dyin' of a broken heart. Nine year this November John Rudder-that's and's middle name, boat-like to father, who was well-to-do over to the baywell, Rudder and my only son, Levi, put all their money together and fitted up a boat, a two-marsted schooner, along with some of our neighbors; the Solitude it was named -end they all went on a voyage to

when the entire

the banks, a-fishin'. Levi hadn't been merried a month, but he was anxious to git on, so he went, leavin' his wife with me-a pretty, blue-eyed little creetur', Mary Nickerson, of the bay, and only sixteen she was, too. Wal, time went on and it got to be November, fur they went in the early fall, and some one knocked to my door one night, an' there stood Rudder, worn an' sick and jest heart-broken. The Solitude was run down in a fog an' only him saved. He never see Levi arter the fust shock. He bust out cryin', Rudder did, 'for,' says he, 'I feel like a thief an' a murderer a-comin' back here, an old hulk thet hed oughter drownded, an' them fine boys as went from here bein' down to the bottom of the ocean.' I was told by a sailor arterwards that Rudder was that looney when he knowed he was the only one saved that they had to tie him han' an' fut to

keep him from jumpin' overboard." "And the young wife?" asked Marguerite. "She never said nuthin'," went on Mrs. Reed, looking with sad eyes at the sunlit sea, while her face grew more set and gray; "she jest growed whiter an' frailer, eatin' nothin', and when in the spring her little babe was born she give him to me with a weary sigh an' went out like a candle. She died, miss, of a broken heart, pining

"And the child?"

"He's over to the cape. I left him there with my cousin, for your father only hired Rudder an' me. He's a queer boy, old for his age and sorter sorrerful allus, which his mother marked him afore he was born, but he is good company. though. I miss him a heap.

"We will have him here when papa is better," said Marguerite, "you ought to have brought him at first. See, there comes the Captain and a gentleman with him. Who is it?"

"It's the new preacher over the bay." said Ann gently. "I thought the weather bein' fair it was best to send for him. We don't know. Miss Margreet, when the summons comes to set out on the long journey." Marguerite ran to her room in an agony of

grief. An hour later Mrs. Read called her. Her father could not speak, he could only look at her with loving eyes when she knelt beside him clasping his hand. He sighed, strove to speak, tried to return the pressure of his daughter's hand and then closed his eyes on the world that had treated him so well.

After that lonely funeral where the Captain dug the grave and he and the minister carried the coffin the Captain had brought bidden in the boat two days before the end-Marguerite settled down into a state of hopeless sorrow and despair. She had her father buried at the island. He had been happy here, and she knew his horror of moving a corpse. She visited his grave every day, remembering bitterly how fond and loving he had been, how proud of her, how hopeful for her future. She wrote to his New York lawyer that she whould stay that winter on the island, disregarded his well-meaning objections, and as she was twenty-two and her own mistress, no

one could influence her against her will. All that summer her father had been building a light-house on the rocky point where the land was highest and furthest out to sea. It was finished two weeks after his death, the government duly informed, and Capt. Rudder Reed appointed keeper. When this labor of love was completed there was nothing to take her mind from her grief. She felt her father's loss tenfold. He had gratified her every wish, and had been her companion, her teacher and friend all her motherless girlhood. They had traveled together over Europe and her own country and

everything around her recalled him. In December Captain Reed went over to the bay for stores and wood and on business connected with his "property," a tumble-down house and a dilapidated dory. Marguerite watched him sail away, she wanted to go, but remembered that the people at the bay stared at her unkindly, and once or twice she had heard muttered comments that were ill meant. She thought that it was because she was rich and they were poor, for her father said when she told him, "that they were envious, ignorant louts. Marguerite was what her father made her, proud innocent of evil or wrong, and, from ignorance, indifferent to the suffering of the world. She looked on beggars as impostors, could not understand why a person should steal except from innate depravity, and from looking on the bright side of life forgot utterly there might be a darker and less sunny aspect. She gave money to organized charities, and was positive that if people were only well-behaved they would be greeably taken care of by relief societies.

She walked down to her father's grave after the captain's boat was out of sight. She looked at the light-house with a glow of satisfaction. Captain Reed had told ner of many sad shipwrecks that had occurred on the whale back, black reef a mile from the island, almost hidden by the sea, but showing to experienced sight a parrow curl of foam. Once in a quarter-century the whale back might be entirely covered by the sea, and that meant high tides with wild winds and furious waves. This friendly light would guide mariners joining the circuit of yellow gleams from Sequin, Pemaquid, Burnt island and Hendrick's Head,

The grave was near the light-house under a graried old pine that clung to the rocks with maryelous life, reaching the earth through

crevices into which it had thrust its twisted roots. She thought her father would be pleased that the ruddy glow of the great lamp fell on his narrow bed; there was a pleasant companionship in it; and oh, that grave was so lonely the long winter nights when the north wind roared in from the Arctic sea. She thought of him asleep in his beautiful room in his city home not a year ago; and now this-this rude coffin with a coverlid of earth. A gray fog of snow and mist came creeping in from outside, the distant sails had vanished; the view was narrowed to the gray waves thundering on the rocks at her feet. Suddenly out of the mist a strange little figure approached her; a small boy in a comical plaid suit made from some woman's gown. On his head was a straw hat with a tin ship fastened on the front of the ribbon. He had a thin face, a wide mouth and a pair of big. solemn blue eyes.

"Oh, you are a boy!" she cried eagerly. "I am so glad you came.' "Be yer?" he said indifferently, "I hain't, I didn't. I didn't wanter. Gramma says supper's reddy." With these brief words he disappeared. Marguerite followed, sadly disappointed; she had hoped to find a pleasant companionship with the little stranger. He kept up his reserve until some three weeks later, when he came into the sitting-room where she was playing the old hymns her father loved. The child sat down by the open fire of pine logs warming his thin hands at the bisze. She turned around glad of company for the Captain and his wife seldom in-

vaded the "best room." "What is your name?" she asked, "Solomon? -they call you Sol." "It's Solitude, marm, arter pa's wessel which was lost an' him in it.'

"Oh," she cried pityingly, "it is so hard to be an orphan, to lose your father." She broke down then, her eyes full of tears. "What are you cryin' fur?" asked the child looking at her curiously. "I was thinking of my father."

"Out there, nigh the light?"

"He wan't a good man." "How dare you!" she cried, wildly; then she looked at his ifrail little figure and quaint old face. "Who told you sol" she went on more

"Folks say so, an' that you're like him, a chip of the old block," he repeated coolly; "but I've growed to like you, though I didn't wanter." "Oh! Well, what did they say he did?"

The child sighed, recrossed his skeleton legs, and looked at her searchingly. "He used ter live long shore over to the Cape. He cheated Philander Tarbox outer the Argosy, and broke Mis' Tarbox's heart, an' drove Meson Tarbox to sea, which hain't come back, an' is drowned, an' his mother's in the poor-house over to the Cape now, bein' more'n the neighbors could afford to take keer of her."

"Used to live here?" she said. "I did not know that. He never told me. Oh, you uncanny child! Go out! I don't want you here again. You speak ill of my father, repeat the lies of en-

vious people to his daughter.' He went as silently as he came and she heard him cry in the kitchen. She was sorry, for he was but a child, and then his grandmother was scolding him, too. Ann said the next day with profuse apologies, "that Sol was jest thet old he knowed everythin', an' hadn't sense enough but say everythin'." But Marguerite was not satisfied, it was enough for her that her father had been slandered, it was her duty to clear his name. She wrote to the family lawyer to ask if among her father's papers there was one having any allusion to a vessel named the Argosy, owned by Philander Tarbox, of Cape Tarbox, Me. He answered her that there was none whatever, and that she had better return to New York and not live among a set of savages. His letter was so carefully worded that the girl's heart failed her, see began to feel there was something in the story. She remem-bered that she did not even know her father's native place. He had told her "somewhere on the Maine coast;" that was all. She knew he hated any aliusion to the past, and seldom during their summers on the island ever went to the main land. She reproached herself bitterly for harboring one thought against her father. the dead man, whose only wish had been to make her happy. She recalled her childhood in San Francisco, the brightness of her later days; she owed it all to him, and yet here she was trying to unearth a buried past because an elfish child had slandered him. Strangely enough, she began to dream of the Argosy, seeing it always sailing swiftly by the island to the blue line of the cape in the distance, and her fancy crowded its decks with strange, dead faces, once in a while her father's sad and repreachful.

One morning in January, kept indoors by the flerce winter storm, the dense driving snow that drifted high against the house, she began to look over her father's papers. There was an old brass-tipped box in his bedroom, the key of which was in his pocket-book. It was right that she should read all his papers. Her lawyer, Mr. Barnes sent her packages of them. Idly she turned the faded letters over. There were some of her mothers-the beautiful young wife who lived only a year after her baby was born-letters from business men long dead, friendly notes, old invitations to gayeties, alas the very

guests forgotten, weddings, the bride and groom. old people now with children's children, or parted by anger or death. Suddenly she started, her heart leaped, her hands trembled. Only s coarse blue envelope, directed in a rude hand to Captain Eric Stockdale, San Francisco, Cal. She would not open it, she thought bravely. Impelled by some power stronger than her own will she drew out the folded letter, worn by time to a ragged and brittle scrap with illegi-

Captain Eric Stockdale-You have robbed me like a thief. I am crippled with rheumatism, I have no brother, and my son is only a baby. There is no coe to avenge me or to see me righted. Every dollar I had went in the Argosy. I can only call curses on you and yours forever, and will a legacy of hate to my son. I pray daily that you may be punished. There is only for me to leave my wrongs to a higher power. If you succeed on my ruin there is neither ustice nor good in this world or the next. PHILANDER TARBOX.

The letter was dated 1852. Marguerite re-read it carefully. The house was very still, for Ana was taking a nap and Sol was with Captain Reed in the tower. The girl's young face saddened, her gray eyes grew dim. She wondered vaguely what it meant. Why had her father kept that letter all these years? She would not doubt him, he was the soul of honor. If she sought further in this sad, old story it would be to clear his name, to show these ignorant fishermen how they had slandered a good man and a gentleman. She went to the mirror. She saw a tall, lithe girl with fine gray eyes under black mouth, a mass of blue-black hair.

"There is a duty you must perform, Marguerite," she said proudly. "If he were here he would dispel those wicked lies in a few words but he is dead, and you must be his defender. A woman can be strong and true with such a mission. No, no; you are not the daughter of a thief; the curse of that old man cannot hurt you; it was a lie, all a lie. And yet," she went on uneasily, "I never heard my father called Captain before. It is a mistake. The letter was meant for some other man, dead long ago. She donned her long, sealskin cloak, then fur cap, and went out into the storm, buffeting with the icy wind. The door of the tower struggled like a live creature, but she swung it to at last and, ascended the long flight of steps. The Cap-

tain was cleaning the lamp; Sol sat near one of the windows looking into the white fog. "Wal, wal," said the Captain heartily, "so you braved it, did yel Come out in all this storm! Set here by the stove an' dry ye. Land, how pale ye be. What set you out, dear? It's too rough weather for ye.'

Maguerite threw off her cloak and hat, shak ing the snow on the floor; she warmed her trembling white hands a moment, then she turned quickly. "Captain," she said in a strange, choked voice, "Who is or was Philander Tar-

"I never sed nuthin'," broke in Sol with a childish howl. "Gamma most shook me to pieces afore. Don't you look at me, Cape'n, I never said no more." "Don't know nobody by thet name," said the

Captain stolidly.
"You do; Mis' Tarbox lives over to the Cape, interrupted Sol shrilly, overcome by his grandfather's falsehood. "Shet up!" snapped the Captain, "drat ye fur a imp, ef you wan't a orphin I'd take a rope's end to ye. "Captain," said Marguerite, "suppose we start

fair. I know there is something. The truth from your kind lips will not be so hard to bear. My faith in my father is sure and steadfast. You will not change it by anything there might be to tell. I only want to stop these slanders here; stop those people's evil talk. My father cannot, for he is dead, but I can and will. It is a sacred duty."

"This is '79," said the Captain nervously, "Philander Tarbox has been dead since '52 that's a long time, dear. Long enough to let him rest. It is a good thing to let sleeping dogs lie. You an' me tryin' to raise up them old ghosts is as weeked as spirits bein' took outer the hereafter. I'tell ye there ain't no good

"You shall tell me then," said Marguerite, laying her hand on Sol's shoulder. tain will not try to stop you. "Outer the mouth of babes preceedeth wisdom," muttered the Captain, "I shan't say no more. It's the Lord's will.

"Now, Sol," said Marguerite gently, "who is

Mason Tarbox!" "Philander Tarbox was his father, an' Mis' Tarbox is his mother," said the child with grim relish in his story. "Mason was fust mate on the 'Mary Jane' mack'rel schooner; he was drowned off the Bank two years ago." Sol had not listened in dark corners of fishermen's cottages to sad stories of wreck and sorrow along shore for naught.

"Poor-house over ter the Cape. A mean old place, too, fur there sin't but three poor folks in it, Jim Simpson that's blind, Mart Erickson, the looney Swede, an' her. She's orful old, an sorrers continuel a callin' disarster on your pa an' you. Mebbie she'll let him off now 'cause he's dead."

"Do you know about the Argosy?"
The Cantain rubbed his baid head anxious

"Thet boy ain't but ten years old, Miss Margreet, not thet-he ain't nine yit, an' he's older 'n me in his talk. I think sumtimes them things was born in him count er his ma hearin 'em 'fore he was born, an' graftin' them old stories inter his mind so they come naterel to him."

"They sed to Marthy Pierce's, where I stop

sumtimes," continued Sol, clasping his thin

knees, "that years an' years ago they found gold in Calforny-" "In '49." ejaculated the Captain. "In '49," repeated the boy, "'fore was borned, and all the men folks was goin' there to git rich, an' by wessel, mostly. Ships

'ud sail from Bath chock full of men to go, them workin' their passage." "'Deed they would," cried the Captain; "but for Ann's bein' sick, I'd a gone along. All the men long shore was ravin' crazy. Gold hain't never been none too plentiful here. Philander Tarbox hed jest built him a new schooner, the

Argosy, an'-"I guess I know the Argosy," put in Sol, crossly. "Who's tellin', you, or me! Lots of folks put money inter her, too. She was built up the Sheepscot river, an' was complete jest when folks was crazy ter go to Calforny, Marthy Pierce said, an' Philander Tarbox, bearin' how vittles was high in Calforny, filled the whole vessel full'er codfish, mack'rel, jerked beef, an' 'taters, an' flour, an' meal," continued Sol, reeling off a long list, revealing a marvel-

"Not one," said Marguerite quietly, "let the child tell the story as the people here tell it." So Sol finished his list. Outside the tower the drifting snow gathered high over a grave where the misty blurr of the light fell. "Last day fore they sailed," said Sol gloomily, "Cap'n Philander Tarbox he fell from the wharf

"Skip some, Sol," pleaded the Captain, "takes

an' broke his leg, and so Eric had to go. "Gran'pa, who was Eric?" "He may mean my father," muttered Marguerite. "Captain Reed, tell me now. If he lived here you must have known him in the old days." The Captain stammered, grew red in the face. and twisted his work-hardened hands together. At last he mumbled: "I hain't the heart to tell

ye. Eric Stockdale never barmed me, I wunt blacken his memory." Marguerite laid her hand on his arm. "Captain," she said softly, "be my protector against the world that will tell me some day, for I mean to know." He patted the little ringed hand with his rough fingers.

"You musn't blame me then fur the truth, Miss Margreet, nor think but I mean this kind, an' am only tellen' ye better then them would as wan't frenly to ye. There was to the Cape, Ella Cuttings, a pooty gal, but flighty, Lord knows, an' easily led, an' in old days Philander Tarbox was sorter likin' her; but she thought he wan't good enuff, an' arter her mother died she went ter work in Bath, but come home in a year or "He came with her," said Marguerite.

"It was a love child, Margreet." "Them as ain't got fathers," said that shrill

"Sol," said the Captain, "some day you'll git such a licking that that trash will be knocked clean outer yer head. Wal, Ella she died that year. Philander, who wan't but twenty an' jest married, took the boy an' brought it up as his'n' an' no one ever knowed the father." "That child was my father, Eric Stockdale,"

murmured the girl. "Yes, an' Philander named him for Ella's mother's folks, the Stockdales, fur that name hed died out along shore an' there wouldn't be no questions arsked 'bout his relations in after years. Well, Eric was all of twenty when a fine boy was born to Mis' Tarbox, an'she was gittin' on in years, too, an' of course Eric's nose was outer jint. He knowed his history an' was allus a proud, quiet kinder felier, not liked at all, though sorry I be to tell you this, dear. So when Philander laid there with a broken leg he thought of Eric, who was a good seaman an' a careful feller, with more of the onderstandin' of navigation than many a life-long sailor along shore, so to his command was give the Argosy an' her freight. Lord, how well I kin remember the wharf when the vessel sailed, it was black with people comin' from twenty miles. Lots of the Cape folks hed money in her too, an' all the crew was from nigh about here. Poor critters an' all their wimmen folks plannin' what they'd do with the money the voyage would

"Well?" said Marguerite, quietly. She was very pale now, her hands tightly clanched in

"They got to Calforny, dearie; a long, perilous voyage, an' at the fust port all the men but two deserted for the gold diggings, so Eric had to work the vessel short-handed." "And she was lost?" cried Marguerite, a wave

"No, she got there safe, whereever it were, for the names is gone from me, an' the carge were sold an'-"

"Go right on." "Sold, an' Eric hed the money-even the ves sel sold, too, for a big figger—the pay in gold, he'll be home."

fillin' chests—an' one day Eric went off with all "We don't 'zaxtly want Lish," said the Cap

of it an' was never seen by his mates agin. They was honest fishermen, an' they worked home easy enuff, fur vessels leaving Calforny was allus short-handed then, an' they told their story, sayin' how Eric had gone off with a wagon and span of mules, an' they'd thought be'd come back, but he didn't; that they looked for the gold but it was all gone. Philander he wouldn't give up hope; he believed in Eric who he'd treated like his own son, an' suspected the two men as came home, but they lived and died in honest poverty, an arter years their names was cleared. A year or two later we begun to hear through letters that Eric was a rich man in San Francisco, but never the whole truth till Philander was dead. Mis' Tarbox hed a hard time to bring the boy up, but Mason growed to be a fine man. Jest think of he'd got the prop'ty rightfully his, how different his life would a bean; what good chances of bein' suthin' in the wurld, an' best of all he'd be

Repeat from the beginning to FINE PP

a livin' yet to comfort his stricken mother." "So that is the story," said Marguerite, her young face white and stern. "They say here that my father robbed his benefactor, his second mother and her child. If it be true I am weighted down with shame and sorrow; but I will not believe it until I have proved it. Dear Captain, I don't doubt you, but stories gather in long years; there may be a better side to this." She went to the window looking down on the grave barely outlined under the drifted snow. ther I shall come to see you no more until I know the truth, until if you did this wrong I to-morrow, for you have promised to aid me, you must take me over to the Cape. Be my aid and defender."

"I'll stan by ye allus," said the Captain heartily. "Me, too," chimed Sol, "I told you fust, Miss Margreet." "You, too, little Solitude," she smiled sadly. "We will clear my father's name, or if that be

sullied and dark we will do right by the wronged "You pretty creetur," said the captain, "of I could beg you on my bended knees an' stop you from it I would, but I see well you wun't turn

back. Bearing misfortin so brave will turn is from ye, an' the Providence as watches over orphins will guide you through. And this old arm will protect ye, an' ward off the blows as well as a poor ignorest old man kin." She pressed his hand with a pathetic tremulous smile, then followed by Sol, who immediately attached himself to her, and was her little

shadow for many weeks, went down the long flight of steps out into the dreary day. One bright cold morning, when the sky and sea were a steely blue, the north wind freighted with icicles that stung like needles, Marguerite, wrapped in her fure, sat in the stern of the catrigged boat by the side of Captain Reed.

Solitude, perched up in the bow, called out now and then, "Here's a big wave comin" "See that gull?" and childish comments on the danger of their undertaking. He had a curiously gloomy mind, shadowed by a life-long acquaintance with sorrowing, anxious people. At last the boat rasped against the stone wharf at Cape Tarbox, and Marguerite, with beating heart, stepped ashore. Facing the harbor were a number of weather-beaten cottages, all save one showing a curling glimmer of smoke from wide chimneys and cheerful life behind narrowpaned windows. This one cottage, bare and desolate, stood on a bleak cliff. Mighty gales from the sea roared through its broken sashes, rattling the oaken door as if beseeching hands were begging shelter. Marguerite stood in the door of the old fish house that covered half the

wharf. "Whose house is that?" she asked Sol, while the captain made his boat fast. "That," chirped Sol in his sharp voice, "that's Philander Tarbox's. It's all busted. I told yo she was out ter the poor farm over a mile away beyant them hills an' that pine growth." He

pointed a mittened thumb. "Wun't ye go inter Martry Pierce's an' warm yel" said the Captain anxiously. "I know ye are cold, Miss Margreet.

"No, no," she cried with a shudder. "Since I landed I feel in the very air that the people hate me. I see the desolate house, the ruined home. God pity me, for I almost doubt my father." She hurried after Sol, who called to them to

People came to their windows to look, and, the poor girl fancied, to say, "Eric Stockdale's daughter." She noted two grizzled old men come out by a door and look after her. One nodded to the Captain, then both turned and looked to that house on the cliff.

The way was snow-drifted and cold, the tangled undergrowth of the pines tore her face and bair with savage force, the very trees tried to punish her for her father's sin. At last Sol stood before a tumble-down gray farm house, perched queerly over a brick basement. They went up the steps and knocked. A tired of belief in her dead father coming back and a looking woman with a baby on her arm led picture of the brave young captain before her them into a bare, cold room, where there were only wooden chairs, a big table, covered with a dirty oil cloth and laid with a row of tin basins and battered knives and forks.

"It's most dinner time," said the woman, staring with dreary eyes at the beautiful girl; "ef you want 'Lish, he's off fishin'; don't know when he'll be home."